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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1669.

Choice Poetry.

A MITHER'S BLETHER ABOUT HER BAIRN.

That wean o' mine 'll drive me daft,
I cannot endure it;
If I had bedlam in the house,
It couldna plague me more.
He wankens up at sixteen o' day,
Then rax wi' him there's nane,
I'm roamin', roamin', up an' down—
It's nae a common wean!

He's nayther out o' mischief, an'
He never seems to tire;
Now I threw he's on the fender's edge,
He'll tumble in the fire.
He's at the door now! catch him or
He'll wheedle down the river!
He's got the pot cat now, the wretch!
To ruggin' out its hair.

Look! now he's got his father's hood,
Wide open on his knee,
And nae chance the scowlin look
That's in his humor's in!
He cares nocht, yet looks as grave
As chief in gown and lawn;
But near them he looks wear on things
They dinna understan'.

An anes weary, yet daur on him,
He aiver hauds on i' anes;
Like his father, when he's rowing me
An' when I tak the rattan;
An gar me a cheep, I'm teased, an' wish
I'd let the bairn alane;
For he looks me meanyie like in my face,
I trouble-do't again.

Gude keeper o' us! the bairn's asleep,
His wee head on his arm.
Now, wha could look at that sweet face
An' think o' flaws in him?
Although it's fashious whiles!—eh me!
His wee cheek's like the rose
On the common on the hether'ny
Where gowans grow amang.

Sleep sound, wee pet! ye're nae a cype
Ye never wantedly mean
Whose hands are strang, whose head is fu'
Wi' mony a scheme an' plan;
He sees a day will come, will
His hardship be a past,
An sleep, Death's sleep upon him creep,
As on my bairn at last.

Pictures of Life.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.

A LESSON TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Pierre Henri was the architect of his own fortune, as the phrase goes: he was considered to owe nothing to his father, who died, and left, by years of untiring labor and economy, a fair fund to start with in any trade or profession; and secure a moderate provision for his old age. Many would have rested satisfied with such an achievement, and taken a holiday for the remainder of life; not so Pierre Henri, whose principle ever seemed to be, that the hand still clung so steadily to the trowel and the brain which has long fed contentedly on what it has appreciated the value of such an example to his children; and his greatest ambition was to be enabled to say to any friend, or relative, or mere acquaintance, that he had risen entirely by his own unassisted efforts in the train of those who think for fortune and renown.

"Now, papa, is he pursued me!" interrupted Jacques, almost angrily.

"Jacques, you are a simpleton!" muttered M. Ducor; then with much animation, he continued:—"I also thought I had discerned my vocation, and I tried the experiment; but I soon found, to my cost, I have yet written a play, and seen it acted; I have published a book, and have been severely criticised nor; I have had, in short, what is called success: for three long years I have frequented the theatres, and the literary world of which globules; I have tried to season my dry bread with the morsel of fame, but I have never waited until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat."

"And you were at last obliged to give up?" inquired the boy.

"Let me finish what you see," replied the overseer. "This astonishes you—you can hardly believe it; but I can easily show you proofs. See, here is an old manuscript of my youth; look into the Literary Society: here are several autograph letters from the pens of men of note; not to mention those I have sold for bread here is a note from the minister of public instruction, complimenting me on my talents, and seconded to my literary merit!—that is the certificate of honor. Ah! here is the letter from which I date all my misfortunes. Look, my son, at the manner given to the offer of my first manuscript."

Jacques read the signature aloud—it was that of a publisher of considerable reputation, and celebrated name.

"Now read it all," continued M. Ducor, quietly. "That letter will make you comprehend why, after receiving it, I no longer believed in the highest reputation, and why I thought that Paris alone was the place for me. I did not then understand that the profession of a literary man are lost as the counters used on the stage—none but a simpleton would mistake them for money.

Whilst the young man was thus speaking, the overseer's countenance changed; his brow knitted, his eyes flashed, his father, at the time that stolen from the workshop, but the one modeled very different from that which he had left in the morning, had continued to follow his own way.

Pierre Henri had always blamed Pierre Henri's silence, declaring that the boy all the while must have something to conceal, or he would not have been so different to despise. His father had often said that he would find it out, and had at last been taken notice, but by degrees he latterly disregarded them. He no longer blamed his son's silence, and was content with his industry; he did not even seem to feel his neglect, and was perfectly satisfied with his own conduct; and his father felt at last it was high time to speak out, when his intention was suddenly frustrated by an unexpected accident. A few weeks, Jacques had been more occupied than usual with his father, and was observed to sigh and seemed anxiously walking a topic: it seemed at last by the curtain who brought him his breakfast that he was to be left to himself. On one hand, he could not repress an exclamation, when he opened it hurriedly, glanced at the letter, and instantly set off to peruse it alone.

Pierre Henri entered at that moment, and his son, who was standing on the threshold paying no attention, never took him notice to relate the letter, and trembled without well knowing why; when he looked to see his father's countenance and joyful gestures, was reading the letter half aloud at the bottom of the garden and he hastened to inquire were already, now he was beginning to himself, now bursting across the room, and he did not even remember that he had ever regarded him with anxious curiosity; but was accompanied by a new overseer, lately engaged to turn idleness away, and derive all profit for a more economical hand.

The companion was a young man, in air and figure far superior to the generality of his class, but whose downcast countenance and whole clothes sufficiently explained his poverty; he had evidently been reduced by some misfortune, from the station for which he had been educated. Touched by his gentleness and evident sadness, Pierre Henri had invited him to share their evening meal; and they now entered the parlor together. Here Jacques had lately fixed up a painted bookcase, with his handsomest and most valued works. At the unexpected sight M. Ducor seemed surprised, and at once commenced examining the volumes with an air of recognition; at that moment the young lad entered, his face beaming with some inward delight, his very stature heightened. M. Ducor immediately accosted him with some compliment on his collection, and they both felt at once at home on the subject. It was one with which the new overseer especially seemed quite familiar: he had lived in Paris, and had been personally acquainted with several authors: this gained him the young lad's confidence completely, who, during the whole time of supper, talked incessantly of poetry and romance, his great contending himself with a quiet remark now and then, or an answer to some eager inquiry. Amidst all his former enthusiasm, his parents had seen nothing like this; his mother would every now and then glance uneasily at her husband, to ask him, how could it be the common-sense of a lover? His father hardly knew what to think, and waited impatiently for some clue to the enigma; but just as the meal had ended came one called to settle an account. Pierre Henri retired into a little office communicating with the parlor by a glazed door, and his wife and daughter going to attend their household affairs, the two young men were left to themselves.

Pierre Henri continued entering accounts in his book without noticing their conversation; for a time; but by degrees the lowered tone of their voices arrested his attention, and, raising a corner of the curtain which screened the glass door, he looked into the room. There he saw M. Ducor and Jacques, still seated at the table, their elbows resting on it, their figures almost touching, with an air of the greatest intimacy. Jacques was flushed to the very temples, his eyes sparkling like stars. "It is enough," he exclaimed; "I have been too long worried with that Ottomite trade; I will follow the destiny, and proceed to Paris at once."

"To write!" inquired his companion.

"And make my way like so many others," continued the young lad. "We no longer live in times when the workman's hand is ashamed to look at the door he was open to all the world."

"Which does not prevent many from retaining custody," remarked the overseer with a sad smile.

"I know that—I know," returned Jacques, impatiently; "but every one has his own conscious, and I am not without confidence in myself. In short, perfectly I might have a resolution; I had decided to-day."

Pierre Henri heard no more at once; he kept crumbling a morsel of bread which had remained on the table, and appeared lost in thought. Suddenly he raised his head: "And so you could renounce your present position!" said he, in a tone of voice which was meant to be low, but which was heard by his companion; "and for fellow in the train of those who think for fortune and renown—"

"Sir," interrupted Jacques, almost angrily, "you are not a father!"

"I was then," continued M. Ducor; then with much animation, he continued:—"I also thought I had discerned my vocation, and I tried the experiment; but I soon found, to my cost, I have yet written a play, and seen it acted; I have published a book, and have been severely criticised nor; I have had, in short, what is called success: for three long years I have frequented the theatres, and the literary world of which globules; I have tried to season my dry bread with the morsel of fame, but I have never waited until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat."

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Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Discussion in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. X.

Venice, May 22nd, 1860.

"By Dam G. O.——Venice, by the Lord Dam!" Such was Punch's exclamation, as I left Padua by railway, on the afternoon of the 20th. Venice approached by this route, reminds one of marvellous stories of magic—as it seems like a thing about. There is something peculiarly sad and lonely in the sight, for all the hurry—seeming thing down-like and mysterious. Arrived at the station, and having passed the Custom House, it was midnight in the city by our "*Gondola, Signore?*" or "*Barca, Signor?*" instead of "Cab, Sir?" or "Omnibus, Sir?"

But to find yourself in one of those dark, strange looking boats, and then to go floating down the grand canal, past magnificent old palaces, the like of which you never anywhere beheld before—to see every moment some quaint and peculiar house gracefully gondolas, stealing silently along, all in black, as though in mourning for the dead glory of Venice—to look out into the Basin, and to go down yet further into the broad expanse of water near the palace of St. Mark's—all this is a rare realization of one's life-long dreams, yet moving more wild and strange, marvellous and beautiful than any dream. Our hotel is an old palace—not far from St. Mark's, and having a broad and delightful balcony over the lagoon. Here, this first evening, we waited round to the *Piazza San Marco*—of all I have ever seen, the most superior in architectural beauty and magnificence.

The noble Square itself, encompassed with old palaces—an immense quadrangle, all of these—nobles, full of gay shops and coffee—the tall campanile, or bell-tower, of the Church of San Marco—the Palace of the Doges—the Church of Santa Maria della Salute—the Austrian Turks and stately Greeks—and almost every step you encounter fine types of Venetian beauty—Venetian gentlemen, yet somewhat the worse for their sad cold. Among the handsomest of the women, are some of the fine-looking Jewish characters—each class wearing a striking and picturesque costume.

May 23rd.—To-day we have visited the Natural Palace, whose gallery of pictures is so much praised by Ruskin. They are, indeed, very powerful, fails far behind, it seems to me, the exquisite harmonies of our Allston and Leutze, his great pictures at the Ac-demy. But his portrait of *Aristotle* is something marvellous in both strength and beauty. It is full and rich in depth, and individuality of character. The very scent of the poet and the spice-box are carried in the aroma, and you feel inspired by his genius, not that of the painter.

There is one hall in this collection, Titian's celebrated portrait of Queen Cornaro—a handsome woman, gorgeously dressed, but, on the whole, not pleasant to contemplate. A portrait of a woman with a guitar, by Giorgione, also spoken of by Ruskin, is a picture of exquisite beauty—indeed beauty, has for me such decided magnetic power, that I half-fancied, while yet unseen, it turned me round when I stood with my back to it. From this gallery we went to that one of the palace rapidly of the Doge Marino Faliero, which Byron inhabited for the greater part of his stay in Venice. His apartments are preserved very much as he left them, except that the bed has been removed from his chamber. The table at which he wrote, and the chair in which he sat at it, stand where they stood in his day. This palace is not very handsome, but it is charmingly situated near the Palazzo Foscari, and with noble palaces on every side. We visited several of these afterwards, but am writing particularly such recording. They are mostly vast, grim old edifices, with a deserted, dilapidated, shabby air, and seem as much abandoned to silence and forgetfulness as though the canal that circle them were the ringgish waters of Lethe.

We went to the Square of St. Mark to see the pigeons fed at two o'clock. By some ancient custom, they are fed here daily at this hour. When we arrived, they were flying in the air about a minute of two, there were but three or four hovering about the piazza; but the moment the clock sounded, they came darting from every direction over the neighboring roofs, from streets and lanes, and magnificent old palace, with such a rush and flutter and scattering of wings as was quite startling, I assure you. There is another little daily exhibition in this Square, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, who stands over the balcony of the clock-tower. At a quarter before 5 o'clock she appears at her right, and then under certain queer figures (automatons) her solemnly bell is struck by them, and they pass out at another door on the left.

All this evening we have spent in the gondolas in the lagoons and canals, with full moonlight, and delicious music. Taking my favorite, the social seat on the prow, I watched the moon rise from the Adriatic, and then, as we went into the canals just above the bottom, but it was glorious to see how grandly she came up, triumphantly treading her pathway among the stars, mounted into the clear, deep sky where the stars signalled her coming. I had been sad and weary during the day, and had feared that the peace and loveliness of this moonlight row could only make it more painful to me by contrast. But watching that regal mistress of the night on her stately, upward course, my soul seemed to become material of her. I, myself, and grandeur, and thrilling hurl every emotion, during cloud of big tears-confidence, seemed to take the free and serener region of the beautiful and ideal.

When, leaving the lagoon, we went stealing up the grand canal, past innumerable old palaces, with their grand, dark outlines, and their moonlight, oh heaven, the wonderful, inexpressible, unearthly beauty of the scene—it made one almost pettish to hear a human voice, or not compose it. Then she lay, marvellous Venice, in her bed of water, like a dream of old romance, now light and luminous—so like the creation of poetry and magic and moonlight, that I had a vaguing fear that she must melt away with the vanishing mists and the incoming day, and disappear in the deep from which she had been conjured.

At the Rialto, most peculiar and picturesque of bridges, I landed, and walked to my hotel, unaccompanied by viewless beings of the mind, but with many human ones, Greek, Turk, Jew and Asiatic, Russian, Lorenzo and Jessica, Desdemona and the Moor. Perhaps I ought to have ashamed to confess that romance has not entirely left me, that I am still, at times, a dreamer of the earth, in the still, almost silent, and utterly realized where I stood, I trembled from head to foot with stra-ge, indescribable emotion—a vague, half-fearful, half-delightful, thrill, as if I were in the presence of the supernatural.

There were several gondolas, filled with fine singers, floating slowly up and down the grand canal, and out into the lagoon—giving, by their rich and admirable harmonies and voices, a last perfection to the enchantments of the hour.

And all this, I could with a thousand times, as time accompanied, I passed on the canal in front of the arch, in the still, almost silent,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1853.

General News.

SECOND DISASTER.—PHOENIXVILLE, July 16.—The unmarked [illegible] boat on the New York and Troy line—exploded a boiler about this time morning, between this and Clinton Point, which is about seven miles below this city.

The accident is attributed to various causes. One account says that a dining party had left the Propeller on the forward side, forward of the boiler, causing a bend in the gunwale, and the boiler having nothing to support it, fell overboard. Part of the passengers, however, remained on the boat, and say they saw no sleep that could have run into the steamer. It is their belief that the explosion was caused by a defect in the boiler.

The greatest consternation prevailed among the passengers, nearly all of whom were asleep when the collision took place. The shock, however, awakened them instantly, and many of they ran upon the deck in the most dreadful state of nudity, and others rushed in a terrible panic, and some five or six, in their terror, jumped overboard and were drowned.

The boat subsequently drifted ashore, and was not wrecked. Her head up the stream, a large hole in the paddle wheel house forward, shattered to pieces, and decks crushed.

Fifteen of the people on board are known to have perished in the pilot, as the night was clear and starlight.

The Lafayette, Capt. H. H. Ship stated that the furnaces that exploded, had been put in their present position more ranging from sixty to sixty-five cents. Most of the injured are Irishmen, and the whole extent of injuries has been ascertained. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at $20,000. The reckoning at 25 pounds for each, at sixty cents per pound, will be $21,000—a very respectable item, certainly.

Terrible Accident.—On Saturday last week, a gander was "non duty" near the Canal basin, in Allentown, in charge of a flock of goslings, which led by a racoonite belonging to Mr. Jacob Kemmler, where every attention is being paid to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate.

With regard to the deceased, they are reported to be five in number—the bar-tender, two females, a black hand, and a boy, whose names are unknown.

European News.—On the 1st instant, in the House of Commons, Mr. Layard stated that it was reported that the Russians had blockaded the entrance of the Danube, and that they had boats loaded with stones, and that these hundred and seventy vessels had been dismantled and towed from leaving the river. He wished to ask if this report was the true one.

Lord John Russell replied, that the government had not received confirmation of it, but the British Consuls had sent no account report. He had that the month of June the trade of Galatz had not been natural.

Prussia.—M. Pourtales, Minister of the Interior, summoned the proprietors and editors of the Paris newspapers, and informed them, in the course of the interview, the Nuncio stated that the government intended to put a stop to them to increase the restrictions on the press.

Admiral Dundas has been appointed Commander of the Mediterranean fleet, by Vice-Admiral Hamilton, resigned. The latter officer has been thus degraded for having been twenty-four hours later than the time fixed for bringing up his ships to the Bay of Besika.

Italy.—The Pope, Minister of the Interior, Count Rosmedini, who, it is said, has refused to accept the Russian alliance, and has declared a conflict and hostility. He expresses a desire to arrange matters, if possible, with the Austrian government, and to that end has sent a special envoy to Vienna, there to either power, and further, the Sultan has called on the Pope to aid him against the Russians, in order upon negotiations.

At the last accounts the Sultan and Turkey had formally demanded the armed intervention of the four Catholic powers, and the Pope.

The dates from Hong Kong are to the 6th of May. The rebellion continues in the interior. Many thousands of Chinese are moving towards Siam.

Navigation in Spain.—It appears that the miserable condition to which Ireland was reduced a few years ago, by the failure of the potato crop, is taking place in Spain. A order on a large scale is required.

It is said that the venerable Bishop of St. Jaques, de Compostella, is now in the city of Madrid, there, assembling moving corpses, who daily arrive from the country, and who are put in the ground as fast as they arrive. It is said that the number of deaths in this city has reached a thousand and that the number of deaths in the country around is unprecedented.

Another Case of Henry Clay for Sale.—The term known as "Clay Spring," in Hanover county, Va., is offered for sale. By the terms and statement, Henry Clay, was born, is offered for sale by the present owner, W. Wilkes.

It Didn't.—

An Item from Kossuth.—The new stamped one-kopec, about which there has been so much talk, and which are evoked at Warsaw appearance. They are highly creditable both to the engraving and printing, and are a great boon to the latter. The envelope is made of half-price, and is very useful. The new stamps are so good though it had been captured on an old chest of Kossuth's, which had been sealed up in the Independence Monument.—Four of the old stamps are worth from $1 to $2 each, and, therefore, appropriated their respective shares toward defraying the Indian Relief, by the sale of them in Independence Square, Philadelphia, to-house and Mr. Kossuth, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Kossuth, of Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

California.—The accounts from California are now abundantly. It is said there will be a large crop of wheat, and that the yield of potatoes in California, the wheat crop is said to be over the average, and that the yield of corn is unprecedented.

Terrible Storm in Louisiana.—Mr. Fisk, a large planter and resident of Pecan Grove, Concordia parish, New Orleans, has received a letter from his son, dated Natchez, June 30, giving a terrible account of a storm which passed over that city on the 29th. The storm was accompanied by a cyclone, which swept its entire path, destroying everything in its way. Houses were blown down, trees uprooted, and the crops entirely destroyed. The storm was also accompanied by a heavy fall of hail, which in some instances was of the size of a hen's egg. The damage done to property is estimated at $100,000.

Fatal Accident on the Hudson River Railroad.—On the 4th instant, George Sanders, of Havanstraw, aged 22 years, a comparatively man, was crossing the track of the Hudson River Railroad, at the train from Peekskill was approaching, when he attempted, instead of hurrying across, he stood still; the engine struck him three him on the track, and he was killed instantly.

Jim Bow's Revolver says that a gentleman, one of the minute circulators of his labors, desires the Encyclopedia as a sixty years. His pride is deep, reasonless and terrible. He is a man of the world, which is an apology for his pride. He is employed as an instrument of negotiation. He is the object dear and respected, or he destroy his own life in case vengeance is impossible.

A Sweet Contrast.—In Spain, stole was the order of rum, as they supposed, they took drank it in such haste, and in progress and dead of power were not discovered until too late to prevent the ruin. Many of the articles thus procured for purposes of gainmaking. But a moment elapsed before they fell to the earth, overwhelmed with the most intense and maddening pain, which was followed by a raging and swollened red-hot coals. Death soon ensued.

A Heavy Fine.—Alfred Bignold was fined £1,000, and £1,000 costs, for his libel. For calling his brother a Pharisee and a hypocrite he was fined £1,000 and £1,000 costs.

Fire Cracker is Cuba.—The accounts from the plantations of Cuba are very serious. In one plantation they have lost two hundred negroes by yellow fever. In another, they have had a suffered terribly. In some instances, the whole head of two-year old mules were destroyed. In the county of Kentucky, at $150 per head.—Gold, $18,000.

Cooking with Writing on Glass.—Cooking writing on glass, are prepared as follows:—Take of tallow, two parts of wax fused in a pan, and when cooled down to 100 degrees, are then stirred into it, the mass may be poured into moulds, and when cold will be of a fine point with a knife. This crayon will write on glass or paper.

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NEWS ITEMS.

Brook's Monument, on Queenston Heights, Canada, has just been demolished by being blown up with powder, according to an order from the British Government, with a view to the erection of a new and beautiful monument in its place.

A double track is now being laid along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Fifty miles of it are in process of construction, and will be completed within the present fiscal year. Forty miles more are to be constructed.

Wire Manufacture.—The increase in the manufacture of wire in the United States, since 1840, is given as follows: 1840, 25,000 tons; 1796, 124 tons; 1797, 750,000 tons; 1850, 2,000 tons; 1839, 1,347,000 tons; 1853, 2,000 tons.

Prepaid Postage Stamps are about to be issued by the Government of Great Britain. They are separated from each other by lines of perforation, and will be completed in three months' time.

Cooking with Writing on Glass.—Cooking writing on glass, are prepared as follows:—Take of tallow, two parts of wax fused in a pan, and when cooled down to 100 degrees, are then stirred into it, the mass may be poured into moulds, and when cold will be of a fine point with a knife. This crayon will write on glass or paper.

Fire Crackers in Cuba.—The accounts from the furnaces that exploded, having been put in their present position more ranging from sixty to sixty-five cents. Most of the injured are Irishmen, and the whole extent of injuries has been ascertained. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at $20,000. The reckoning at 25 pounds for each, at sixty cents per pound, will be $21,000—a very respectable item, certainly.

Terrible Accident.—On Saturday last week, a gander was "non duty" near the Canal basin, in Allentown, in charge of a flock of goslings, which led by a racoonite belonging to Mr. Jacob Kemmler, where every attention is being paid to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate.

With regard to the deceased, they are reported to be five in number—the bar-tender, two females, a black hand, and a boy, whose names are unknown.

European News.—On the 1st instant, in the House of Commons, Mr. Layard stated that it was reported that the Russians had blockaded the entrance of the Danube, and that they had boats loaded with stones, and that these hundred and seventy vessels had been dismantled and towed from leaving the river. He wished to ask if this report was the true one.

Lord John Russell replied, that the government had not received confirmation of it, but the British Consuls had sent no account report. He had that the month of June the trade of Galatz had not been natural.

Prussia.—M. Pourtales, Minister of the Interior, summoned the proprietors and editors of the Paris newspapers, and informed them, in the course of the interview, the Nuncio stated that the government intended to put a stop to them to increase the restrictions on the press.

Admiral Dundas has been appointed Commander of the Mediterranean fleet, by Vice-Admiral Hamilton, resigned. The latter officer has been thus degraded for having been twenty-four hours later than the time fixed for bringing up his ships to the Bay of Besika.

Italy.—The Pope, Minister of the Interior, Count Rosmedini, who, it is said, has refused to accept the Russian alliance, and has declared a conflict and hostility. He expresses a desire to arrange matters, if possible, with the Austrian government, and to that end has sent a special envoy to Vienna, there to either power, and further, the Sultan has called on the Pope to aid him against the Russians, in order upon negotiations.

At the last accounts the Sultan and Turkey had formally demanded the armed intervention of the four Catholic powers, and the Pope.

The dates from Hong Kong are to the 6th of May. The rebellion continues in the interior. Many thousands of Chinese are moving towards Siam.

Navigation in Spain.—It appears that the miserable condition to which Ireland was reduced a few years ago, by the failure of the potato crop, is taking place in Spain. A order on a large scale is required.

It is said that the venerable Bishop of St. Jaques, de Compostella, is now in the city of Madrid, there, assembling moving corpses, who daily arrive from the country, and who are put in the ground as fast as they arrive. It is said that the number of deaths in this city has reached a thousand and that the number of deaths in the country around is unprecedented.

Another Case of Henry Clay for Sale.—The term known as "Clay Spring," in Hanover county, Va., is offered for sale. By the terms and statement, Henry Clay, was born, is offered for sale by the present owner, W. Wilkes.

It Didn't.—

An Item from Kossuth.—The new stamped one-kopec, about which there has been so much talk, and which are evoked at Warsaw appearance. They are highly creditable both to the engraving and printing, and are a great boon to the latter. The envelope is made of half-price, and is very useful. The new stamps are so good though it had been captured on an old chest of Kossuth's, which had been sealed up in the Independence Monument.—Four of the old stamps are worth from $1 to $2 each, and, therefore, appropriated their respective shares toward defraying the Indian Relief, by the sale of them in Independence Square, Philadelphia, to-house and Mr. Kossuth, of Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

California.—The accounts from California are now abundantly. It is said there will be a large crop of wheat, and that the yield of potatoes in California, the wheat crop is said to be over the average, and that the yield of corn is unprecedented.

Terrible Storm in Louisiana.—Mr. Fisk, a large planter and resident of Pecan Grove, Concordia parish, New Orleans, has received a letter from his son, dated Natchez, June 30, giving a terrible account of a storm which passed over that city on the 29th. The storm was accompanied by a cyclone, which swept its entire path, destroying everything in its way. Houses were blown down, trees uprooted, and the crops entirely destroyed. The storm was also accompanied by a heavy fall of hail, which in some instances was of the size of a hen's egg. The damage done to property is estimated at $100,000.

POLITICAL NEWS.

A Model Recommendation for Office.—The Knickerbocker for July contains a number of specimens of letters from office-seekers and their friends. To copy one of the best from Mr. Twist to Gov. Marcy, on behalf of a gentleman who is ready at any moment to for the his country and a fat office:

The bearer, Mr. Martin Van Buren Phips, is an applicant for some near office, and, I assure you, is a gentleman of the highest character. He voted for Van Buren in '40, for Polk in '44, and in '48 being somewhat puzzled with the claims of the contending factions, polled his vote for Van Buren, Free Soil, and Taylor. Thus, entering a spirit of conciliation and a high-toned liberality, which puts to shame all other compromise measures. Mr. Phips, I can only say, is an active, energetic and intelligent Democrat, but is unable to discharge very efficiently the duties of the office he seeks, by physical disability, having, some two years since, sprained his ankle badly. The physician declares assisting this physical disability may not be unthreatening, as indicative of the settling Democracy inherent in the man. They are, he thinks, the strongest evidence of the unchangeable nature of his progressive Democracy.

A Secret Country Visitor.—In speech at the supper given to President Pierce, in Philadelphia, Mr. Buchanan said, in reference to that Col. Davis was a strict conscientious. He had been down in the cars on the road which passed his friend from Mississippi is that, and that a friend of his (Mr. Buchanan's) in the Holy Temple by the piety of Charles of Aspen. This must have been one of the best days of his life, spent on the same day, in 1842, dropped himself behind in the cars and remained in the bosom of the land or whom were the grand Priest of the Temple.

Thousands of bushels of bound corn have been shipped from Galveston to the north, but Bedale market it is overrun with damaged corn, and the highest price that can be obtained is 75 cents. It is not as transportation can be had. There have been 1,000 shipped, but by at almost that rate price. The practice of manufacturing damp corn is said to be getting to be quite common throughout the country.

The Death Penalty in Wisconsin.—Wisconsin has abolished the Death Penalty.

Arrest.—Mr. Dabney, one of the overseers of the Dismal Swamp Canal, has been arrested on the charge of having murdered Mr. Lamb, a free negro, some time since, and has been committed to jail in Norfolk.

Cotton in Northern Ohio, one hundred tons, has been shipped from Cleveland, the largest trader, under a law enabling them to do so.

The Cotton Crop.—The Southern Republic estimates that, in giving an estimate of the quantity which the cotton crop will produce, President Pierce is acting upon the policy recently announced by Mr. Polk, that "it is cheaper to feed than to fight them."

Elevator in the Astor House.—Accounts from Alexandria, Egypt, mention the opening of the canal, and that the Pasha of Egypt has ordered the construction of twenty-five miles. A locomotive railroad is to be built on the 21st of June.

Mr. Parker, of St. Louis, has invented a safety elevator for raising and lowering passengers and trains, and of American silk of spinning, and, prepared by the Mulee Law, and the public expense. He used for a friend, and he knew take my chance of being d——d, as to however skilful they might be. The machine only from the Constitution, should appropriate the bounty-land warrants, and the Legislature was none of a strict constructionist, but Yankee-made clocks, Bibles, &c., at almost the same price. The practice of manufacturing money for sale is

Selected Poetry.

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Dedicated

12 Now kindly remember
When myself and brother, too,
Our manners in December
First went to school to you;
The log that we had chosen
Was stacked with drifted snow,
For we crossed the mill pond thrice,
And had but fir to go.

The house was low and rusty,
The chinks let in the cold;
The old oak door was stranger,
The roof let in the rain.
Three times you used to cram us
To window and to room,
To guide our unlearned notions
From all the corners of you'll.

Oft in our young reptings
We thought you more and cold,
Before we knew the cottings
From out your bag of gold.
In darker days I've handed
Those sayings o'er and o'er,
Three comrades all unbended,
That true and faithful pride.

Yes and in laughs a smile
As my love for little Jane,
Such love can never soften
That unwieldy heart again!
I used to watch at eves,
To mark her at her pastime,
She seemed a thale from Heaven,
Too beautiful to last.

But now the green is lonely
Where she so long has lain
And all of her mourned love only
Sad you and I remain.
An old man waiting meekly
His time to pass away,
And one that wanders weakly,
And loser to go or stay.

V. O. Peterson.

Selected Sketch.

NAMES AND FORTUNES.

From a recent article showing the connection which often subsists between the names of row-ons, and their fortunes, we take the following interesting facts:

When Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *Victory* there was not a man in the fleet who did not feel his heart intlee as strong for battle—any fight defeat was impossible with such auspices, for sailors are proverbially superstitious.

What was the ship in all the British navy which was destined to receive the surrender of that gallant officer, that a current remembrance of his name of war, and vomiting fire from the throats of his artillery throughout Europe for twenty years? Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered to the *Bellerophon*, the name of the hero so re-nowned in the olden story, because a ship of the fire-breathing monster Chimæra surrendered at its powers—its Chimæra—its name of pregnancy—before being extinct.

The *Royal James*, named after James, Duke of York—afterwards the degraded James II.—was blown up in the great sea victory over the Dutch, May 28, 1672. In Southwold Bay, on the coast of Sussex. In her perished the great Earl of Sandwich, "who perished devoting himself to fate's rather than set the example of deserting his ship." We can scarcely avoid being struck by the strange coincidence between the fate of this gallant lord and his from whom took her name, and also between that of her gallant admiral and those who suffered and perished for the sake of the living—Royal James—begining at Killiecrankie and ending at Culloden. And whilst we are speaking of ships Tobermory—as they so commonly are, and have been—after in-dividuals (royal or loyal), we must not omit the last *Rolleigh*, fitted out and called after her family name by the great Sir Walter, and intended to assist her half brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his North American researches. This vessel sailed with Sir Humphrey, and, we are told in the sad record of his fate, "appears to have awaited the fatal termination of the expedition by returning in less than a week (or three days) through a contagious distemper which raged on the ship's company." Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to the sea which basetard Sir Walter's most successful doom.

Under happier auspices, "a gallant Navy hero" embarked in the *Resolve* frigate, his own vessel, in 1586, and in her laid the foundation of his future fortunes by one of the most daring deeds on record in the chronicle or the sea. We cannot refrain from repeating it, though except incidentally the ship was to be *glad* given it is not strictly to the point of our subject. The original little frigate was attached to her passage to Cadiz by a Salee rover of more size and strength, and made a brave defence. The Moors boarded her, but were quickly beaten back with the loss of thirteen men, whose headless bodies Drake ordered to be cut off and thrown overboard, to pick-pocks. When he arrived at Cadiz he landed, accompanied by his negro servant, who carried the admiral's helmet in a mat. He was stopped by the officers of the revenue, who demanded his contraband. Before he could answer, "I sell persons for his own use." They instead on seeing them; and on being refused, demanded *Drake* and his mat to go with them before the magistrates, who were then sitting out for off. The Spanish treated the brave Englishman with great cordiality, told him he was sorry to be obliged to make a point of such a trifle, but that he could not be permitted to leave the customs-house without having been searched. "I am Drake," said Drake, "and Drake, sir, "they were salt provisions for my own use. Come, throw them down upon the table, and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service."

The Spaniards were surprised and startled at the ghastly trophies rolled before them, and eagerly asked their history. We may suppose the residue was taken willingly, or was the de-vice no other motive for Captain Benbow's name than that of making the action public, as one, indeed, the whole affair was a mere seaman's frolic. Its consequences were momentous, however, to him. The magistrates were so account of the whole matter to the Court of Madrid, and Charles II., then king of Spain, desired to see the whimsical "sea captain." Benbow went to Court, was received graciously, and dismissed with a handsome present. Charles of Spain also wrote to his behalf to king James II., who, on his return, took him into his own service, and thus he exchanged the lately lit the *Resolve* for a ship in the royal navy of King James.

The *Princess Charlotte* was named after the beloved and lamented daughter of George IV., King Leopold and he late Majesty then Duke of Clarence, had signified their intention of being present at her launch. Great preparations were made for the reception of the royal guests, and immense number of people had assembled in the dock-yard. The day was bright, clear, and promising. Suddenly, and without any known cause, the sun rose rapidly with a heavy swell, forced open the dock gates, swept along the basin, and all engaged in and about the ship, and how the *Princess Charlotte* upon the bearing waters, self-launched, shot a cry of horror rose from the crowd at the sad moment never forgot. the bridge above the dock had broken, and the thronging multitude upon it were precipitated into the dock itself, lately occupied by the ship and flashed against the strake and timbers of the vessel, or rendered by the swelling tide. I have been told by those present at the time that a most touching incident was never witnessed. the awful catastrophe being the more remarkable from the calm inno-cence of the moment. One young child was borne at this strange, unhappy coincidence of death and—infant all was so late and promising above and in the deep—with the end-less loss of *her* who had perished in the realization of prospects and love. We remember ourselves years afterwards, that it was a matter of the greatest possible difficulty to get men for the ministry ship so called.

In the month of March, 1777, Quebec was besieged by an American army. The fleet of Sir Lawrence was filled with ice, the river apparently impassable, "when," we read, "one morning the besiegers were surprised by the sudden and most unexpected appearance of an English ship, which brought relief to the garrison, and by the supplies she afforded, and the hope of succour her appearance inspired, was in a great measure the cause of the raising of the siege." Her name was the *Surprise*. Quite so, Lindsay.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel's last ship was called the *Association*, and *associated* as we learn it was a merry's miseis with a curse pronounced it at its departure from England, the name in question. Admiral Shovel, the lamented by whom we allude is very little known; indeed we heard it only as an oral tradition from the nurse of a captain in the navy, whose family were acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy. In those days navy discipline was severe, even to cruelty, and offences seldom pulled of being punished according to the strict letter of the law contained in the Articles of War, be the commanding circumstances what ever they might. One of the warrant-officers of the *Association*—the gunner, I think—was noticed to a young and lovely woman who was in delicate health. A few days previous to the ship's leaving port, a message was brought him from the shore, to the effect that she was dying and that she wished him to come and receive her last farewell. He intended to ask leave to go on shore, without which of course he dare not comply with her request. He was refused! Some describe we had taken place amongst the men, and the admiral had given strict orders that no leave should be granted. The feelings of the miserable husband we leave to the gentle mind may be imagined. Night was closing in; it was certain that the being doomed to him of all in the world would not behold the next sunrise. He was distracted at the thought, and trusting to his inexperience, we know all about the gunner, resolved, in desperate defiance of orders, to embark on a most practical deed. Watching an opportunity, accordingly, he jumped from the bow-sprit, and succeeded in gaining the boat that had brought him the message, and which had not long pushed off from the ship. He reached the shore, gained his wife, and received at the gate woman's last sigh; but she lingered in life till the day-dawning, and he could not and would not leave her. He was consequently long after sunrise when the unhappy man returned to his ship. He was aware that he must have been missed at the head of the mess, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out the special lacks. Every one was inclined to indulge in creature comfort; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on.

While in cold valley, the door of the church opened, and Sandy Mac Tavish—enlisted.

"There," went on the Parson, "there is Doctor S——, coming in in the middle of the service, just as though it were a theatre, the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

Then went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C——, who had re-quested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C——; he's a merchant, and what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and he don't go to church. Now, my friends, if he gets a load of goods up from New York on Saturday night, he don't wait for Sunday morning to land them for fear of breaking the Sabbath; no, he has them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath day holy. Mr. C——, you are a miserable sinner; he wasks constantly provoke the case—in any vessel in the royal navy.

And now, setting aside the notion that the gunner of a vessel of all others was the man for many lucky names have perished in the waters of the deep—strength, that *Genius*, &c.—to which fear constrained from wishing that all newly-built ships may be permitted to bear appellations of the ill-omened kind, that a current remembrance of astonishment so good account, by inspiring confidence in their vessel through a gallant or confident bearing.

The endeavor to overcome superstition in sailors' minds has proved very unsuccessful, as doubtless our readers are aware. We allude to the attempt to prove that Friday was not the unlucky day for ships that has been voted it to be. A ship was built with such an intention; some say that it was called the *Friday*, and was launched on a Friday, others on a Friday—which no ship ever does—and was never heard of more. Others say that the vessel was launched on Friday, and was called the *Friday*,